THE KITCHEN CABINET

I will make the day worth while, I will play the game today with a warm heart and a cool head. I will smile when I feel like frowning. I will be patient when I feel tempted to scold. I will take personal command of myself.

GOOD THINGS FOR THE TABLE.

The pea soup is not as often served as its merits demand, as there is no more tasty, dainty soup than this if well prepared.

Cream of Pea Soup.—Drain and rinse a can of peas, add a teaspoonful of sugar, two slices of onion and cold water to cover (one pint), simmer 15 minutes, rub through a sieve, heat, add two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour rubbed together, add two cupfuls of milk and a half cupful of cream, whipped, and seasoning to taste. A yolk of egg beaten and added to the cream adds both to the taste and nutrition of the soup.

Parisian Potatoes.—Wash, pare and soak in cold water a half hour eight potatoes. Boil in salted water 15 minutes. Drain and place in a deep pan, basting three times with a third of a cupful of melted butter. Serve with broiled steak.

Soak bread crumbs in the milk half an hour, add soda, salt, and melted butter, flour and beaten eggs. Fry on a hot greased griddle. Serve immediately with hot maple sirup, or butter and sugar.

Braised Liver With String Beans.—Wash calf's liver and lard with fat bacon. Roll in flour, season with salt, pepper and celery salt. Cook liver in a hot pan with a little hot fat, tried out of bacon. Turn until the surface is well seared, then add five slices of carrot, one-half an onion, two sprigs of parsley, bit of bay leaf, one clove twelve pepper corns and two cupfuls of brown stock or water. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven two and a half hours, basting five times during the cooking. Remove the liver, strain the stock and reduce by slow cooking. Add two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, pour over liver. Serve surrounded with seasoned, hot string beans.

Celery and Cheese Salad.—Mix a half cupful of very finely chopped celery with one of cream cheese, moisten with thick cream, season with salt and paprika and form into balls. Arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with radishes cut in tulips.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Cultivate a serene, truthful mental state and you need never trouble about external things; they will all come right without your worrying.

TEMPTING DISHES.

Bread crumbs are invaluable in many dishes. A crust or crumb should never be thrown away. When stale bread is too hard for other use, put in the oven until dry enough to roll or pound, then sift and keep in a glass jar. These crumbs may be used for escalloped dishes, croquettes, cutlets and in puddings, if soaked long enough.

Bread Crumb Pancakes.—Mix together two well beaten eggs, one-half tablespoonful of melted butter, one-quarter of a cupful of flour, one pint of sour milk, one cupful of bread crumbs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and the same of soda.

A few crumbs with chopped apple, sugar, cinnamon and water baked in a slow oven, makes a delicious dessert.

Kings' Pudding.—Take two cupfuls of bread crumbs, soaked in half cupful of water a half hour, squeeze dry and add a half cupful of suet, one-half cupful of molasses, one egg, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, salt and half a teaspoonful of soda, a cupful of raisins and half a teaspoonful of cloves. If after mixing it seems too thin add a small amount of flour. Steam three hours and serve with a hard sauce.

Delicious Omelet.—There is no more tempting dish for any meal than a well made tender omelet. Take three eggs, one-half tablespoonful of melted butter, one-half cupful of milk, one-half cupful of stale bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Soak the crumbs ten minutes in the milk, add the beaten egg yolks, butter and seasonings, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fry a delicate brown in a well greased omelet pan. Loosen the sides with a knife and fold over in half. Garnish with parsley and cubes of jelly. Serve at once.

When you have a peach or two left from a can and a cupful of the juice, use them for a pudding sauce. Rub the peaches through a sieve, add to the juice with a bit of lemon juice and a tablespoonful each of butter and flour that have been cooked together. Serve this sauce hot on steamed sponge cake, cut in squares. These are leftovers, but the fact need never be mentioned and will never occur to the one who is enjoying the dish.

Nellie Maxwell.

HE OF GREAT FAITH

Sower Who Dares to Go Forth Unquestioning, Scattering Seeds of Truth.

Among all the figures which loom out of the words of Jesus with a permanent interest for us there is none that is more significant than the sower who went forth to sow. Across the field of imagination this toiler ever passes, never rests. With his bag upon his shoulder, his arm forever sweeping the half-circle as he walks, and the seed forever falling from his hand, he is silhouted against the horizon of the world. He incarnates a principal. He personifies a process. He fixes in the thought of man the way of God. Behold a sower went forth to sow. That was his task. He did not make the soil on which his seed fell. He saw the rocks, the thorns, the thin soil and the hard soil. He knew that much of his seed would never fructify. He saw the birds as they picked up the kernels after him. Perhaps he even thought the birds had a right to a share. Of course he understood that sun and rain would try the tender plants. He also understood that the harvest was on the other side of summer. He needed not to be told that he must wait, and that his seed must take its chances with all the vicissitudes of seasons and weather.

Believed in the Earth.

But he trusted nature. In spite of stones and thorns and thin soil and hard soil, he believed in the earth. He believed enough to act. He was not one of those who wait that they may serve. He took his promise from creation. Beneath the variations of the days and nights he felt the thrill of spring. He rested in the deeper processes. He had faith that all the world would change beneath the eccentricities of wind and shower and heat and light. And so he sowed. And so he went forth to sow, seeking the soil in which to cast his prophecies of future increase. For all seed-sowing is prophecy, and all seed-sowers are seers who bide their time in the promises of life. If there were more prophets there would be more seed-sowing in the world. And if there were more who understood the law of increase as it works everywhere there would be fewer foolish questions asked of those who sow the seed. For those who demand harvest before the seed has time to sprout and grow are spiritually near-sighted. The noblest symbol of great faith is one who dares to go forth unquestioning, scattering seeds of truth and right and peace and love, knowing that stones and thorns and unresponsive soil are there, yet also knowing that the earth is the Lord's, that somehow seedtime and harvest are inseparable, and that when the summer is past the reaper will surely find fields of ripening grain where he sowed his seed.—Universalist Leader.

MESSAGE HARD TO INTERPRET

Commentators Differ as to the "Woman Jezebel" in the Third Chapter of Revelation.

As to the message to the church in Thyatira, in the third chapter of the book of Revelation, it is an obscure and difficult one to interpret, since we know so little of the prevalent customs and heresies of that time. Commentators differ as to the "woman Jezebel," some claiming that she was a heathen priestess, who stood for all manner of licentious rites and evil practices, and others that she was the leader of the Nicolaitans, a division of the church that claimed to be none the less Christian because it tolerated some heathen customs, like eating meat offered to idols, offering incense to the statue of the emperor, joining social clubs, which were numerous in those days, and which often fostered much debauchery and even licentiousness. Many of these clubs were connected with the trade guilds, and on this account Thyatira, which was famous for these guilds, offered special temptations to the Christians who belonged to these guilds, to condone, even if they did not approve, the un-Christian practices of many of the members.

The praise accorded in the first part of the message to the church of Thyatira seems to give color to this interpretation, for the Son of God himself says: "I know thy works, and love, and service, and faith, and that thy last works are more than the first." It is thought by many that the Nicolaitans, though their doctrines were wrong, and their complaisance toward the practices of their heathen neighbors was most dangerous, yet were still active in good works, and perhaps vied with their stricter and more Puritanical church members in acts of benevolence and subscriptions to all good causes so that the "last works were more than the first."

Calmest People Accomplish Most.

To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—Eccl. 3:1.

The people in all lines of duty who do the most work are the calmest, most unhurried people in the community. Duties never wildly chase each other in their lives. One task never turns another out, nor ever compels hurried, and therefore imperfect, doing. The calm spirit works methodically, doing one thing at a time, and doing it well, and it therefore works swiftly, though never appearing to be in haste.—J. R. Miller.

IN A DRIZZLING RAIN

By HOPE AINSLEE.

A soft drizzling rain was daring the roses in Constance Atwood's cheeks to come out and get wet. And the roses were fast appearing as she walked briskly through the damp cinder path in Central park.

It was Saturday afternoon and Constance had promised herself that she would finish knitting the last of her six pairs of socks for the soldier boys before the Wednesday boat should have sailed. Her small brother and sister, being prevented by the rain from playing out of doors, would demand the attention of Sister Constance if she were at home. Therefore she decided to seek the shelter of a summer house in the park, where on a day like this she was sure to be alone.

A beautiful girl sitting alone in a summer house on a cold, drizzling day knitting socks is not an everyday picture. Indeed it was such an unusual sight to Donald Grey when he came upon it that he almost stopped in his course to stare.

Constance looked up casually as he passed and her calm, level gaze met his; then she dropped her eyes, continued her knitting and the man strode on through the winding path.

But the man's peace of mind had been disturbed. Only his deep-rooted sense of chivalry kept him from retracing his steps for one more look at the lovely girl. He realized that he had only a slender chance in a thousand of seeing her again, and yet at that moment he could think of no other person whom he so desired to see again—and often.

Suddenly his musings were abruptly interrupted by the approach of a big Irish park policeman leading a small child reluctantly by the hand. The officer had to stoop to keep a hold of the tiny tot.

"Gotta lost kid!" he said laughingly to Donald.

Donald looked at the pretty little girl. "Fine day for a youngster like that to be alone in the park, isn't it?"

"Fine for the pneumony! Says her ma's knittin' and she run off," volunteered the policeman further.

Donald Grey paled a little. "Knitting, did you say? Her—her mother?"

"Sure! Why not? Ain't they all a-doin' it day an' night for Tommy Atkins and the loike o' him?" asked the officer.

"I saw a young woman back in the summer house—a-knitting," said Donald.

"Where?" asked the policeman, alertly.

"I'll show you—it's quicker," and Donald led the way back to the summer house.

The little one trotted beside the big policeman and Donald, humming gayly. She seemed not to care who her protectors were, so long as she was having a little excitement. Donald could see that much in the tot's eyes.

When she saw the trio approaching Constance stopped knitting and stared. But Donald could see at a glance that she had not lost anybody's baby. She looked from one to the other as the three drew close.

"Askin' yer pardon, lady, but did ye lose this kid?" asked the policeman.

Constance laughed. She shook her head. "No, indeed, I didn't. Is the poor baby lost?"

"She sure is—says her ma's a-knittin' and she run away—"

"Ma's doin' that," said the child gayly, pointing to Constance and her knitting.

"Is she, dear?" asked Constance—and Donald realized that she had the voice, too, of his ideal. "And where did you leave your mamma?"

The child made a vague gesture. "Over home with lots o' ladies all knittin' and—"

The policeman took the child again by the hand. 'Come on, kid, you'll catch cold out here. I'll find her ma all right. Much obliged." And the big policeman and the little one walked off in the drizzling rain.

Donald Grey raised his hat. "I'm sorry—"

"Oh, it was quite natural, I'm sure. Don't apologize. I only hope they find the baby's mother soon. It's not a day for little ones to be out."

The girl's tone dismissed him and Donald strode on. This time he felt desperate. If he had wanted to know her after a single glance at her, he longed more than ever now that he had seen her smile, and heard her speak, had stood before her.

He would have felt utterly hopeless if he had not been a firm believer in the good Presbyterianism that everything that happens is for the best. If this was the way he was to meet her, never to see her again, why—that was all. If she were meant for him—and with his youthful, hopeful outlook on life, he believed she was—he would find her somewhere.

For nearly two years he sought her, and then, at a benefit dance given to aid the widows and children of soldiers who had fallen in the war, he was presented to her by a patroness of the evening.

"At last, Miss Atwood," he said.

And although the girl only smiled, he had the satisfaction of seeing in her eyes a glad look, as if she, too, had been hoping. "And if it is fate," he said to himself, in a flash, "of course, she has been hoping, too."